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daughter with Houston, not so much through any diminution of the young farmer's sympathy for the objects of his bounty, as from a desire to withdraw from any communion, direct or indirect, with the family of his bitterest foe. Knowing the fierce, unreasoning nature of Houston, he was unwilling to expose to his violent and innocent victims of his ill habits—a consequence which he very well knew would follow the discovery of any services secretly rendered them. But these scruples were soon compelled to give way to a sense of superior duty. It came to his knowledge that the unhappy w

—mother and daughter—were frequently without food. John Houston, abandoned to vicious habits and associates, had almost entirely left his family to provide for themselves. He was sometimes absent for weeks—would return home, as it appeared, for no purpose but to vent upon his wife and mother-in-law the caprices of his ill-ordered moods, and then depart, leaving them hopeless of his aid. In this condition, the young farmer came again to their rescue. The latter was provided regularly and bountifully. But Leda knew not at first whence this kindly succor came. She might have suspected—nay did suspect—but Arthur Holt proceeded so cautiously, that his supplies came to the house with the privacy of Widow Heywood only.

To add to Leda's sorrows, two events now occurred within a few months of each other, and both in less than sixteen months after her marriage, which were calculated to increase her burden, and to lessen, in some respect, her sources of consolation; the birth of a son and the death of her mother. These events drew to her the assistance of neighbors, but the most substantial help came from Arthur Holt. It was now scarcely possible to conceal from Leda, as he had hitherto done, his own direct agency in the support of her family. She was compelled to know it, and—which was still more mortifying to her spirit—conscious as she was of the part she was compelled to receive it. Her husband's course was not materially improved by events which had so greatly increased the claims and the necessities of his wife. The child, for a time, appealed to his pride. It was a fine boy who was supposed and said to resemble himself. This pleased him for a while, but did not long restrain him from indulgences, which grateful to him from the first, had now acquired over him all the force of habit. He soon disappeared from his home, and again, for long and weary periods, left the poor Leda to all the cares and solitude, without the freedom, of widowhood.

But a circumstance was about to occur, which suddenly drew his attention to his home. Whether it was that some meddlesome neighbor informed him of the assistance which his wife derived from Arthur Holt, or that he himself had suddenly awakened to the inquiry as to the source of her supplies, we cannot say; but certain it is that the suspicions of his evil nature were aroused; and he who would not abandon his low and worthless associates for the sake of duty and love, was now prompted to do so by his hate. He returned secretly to the neighborhood of his home, and put himself in a place of concealment.

The cottage of the Widow Heywood was within three quarters of a mile of Keedy River, on the opposite side of which stood the farm of Arthur Holt. The space the young farmer was accustomed nightly to cross, bearing with him the commodity, whether of flour, honey, milk, meat, or corn, which his benevolence prompted him to place on the threshold of his sad and suffering neighbor. There was a little grove of chestnut and other forest trees, that stood about two hundred yards from Leda's cottage. A part of this grove belonged to their dwelling: the rest was unenclosed. Through this grove ran one of the lines of fence which determined the domain of the cottage. On both sides of the fence, in the very centre of this thicket, there were steps, gradually rising, from within and without, to its top—a mode of constructing a passage frequent in the country, which having all the facilities of a gateway, was yet more permanent, and without its disadvantages. To this point came Arthur Holt nightly. On these steps he laid his tribute, whether of charity or a still lingering love, or both, and, retiring to the thicket, he waited, sometimes for more than an hour, until he caught a glimpse of the figure of Leda, descending through the grove, and possessing herself of the supply. This done, and she departed, the young farmer, sighing deeply, would turn away unseen, unsuspected, perhaps, and regain his own cottage.

On these occasions the two never met. The Widow Heywood, on her deathbed, had confided to her daughter the secret of her own interviews with Arthur, and he, to spare himself as well as Leda, the pain of meeting, had appointed his own and her hour of coming, differently. Whether she at any time, suspected his propriety, cannot be conjectured. That she was touched to the heart by his devotion, cannot well be questioned.

For five weary nights did the malignant and suspicious eyes of John Houston, from a contiguous thicket, watch those feelings with equal hate and mortification. Filled with the most foul and loathsome anticipations—burning to find victims—to detect, expose, destroy—he beheld only a spectacle which increased his mortification. He beheld innocence superior to misfortune—love that did not take advantage of its power—a benevolence that rebuked his own worthlessness and hardness of heart—a purity on the part of both the objects of his jealousy, which mocked his comprehension, as it was so entirely above any capacity of his own, whether of mind or heart, to appreciate.

It was now the fifth night of his watch.—He began to despair of his object. He had seen nothing to give the least confirmation to his suspicions. His wife had appeared only as she was, as pure as an angel—his ancient enemy not less so. He was furious that he could find no good cause of fury, and weary of a watch which was so much at variance with his habits. He determined that night to end it. With the night and at the usual hour, came the unfeeling Arthur.—He placed his bowl of milk upon the steps, his little basket of apples. For a moment he lingered by the fence, then slipping back, adroitly concealed himself in the neighboring thicket, from whence he could see every movement of the fair sufferer by whom they were withdrawn. The last movement of the young farmer had not been unseen by the guilty husband. Indeed, it was this part of the proceeding which, more than anything beside, had forced upon him the conviction that the parties did not meet. She came, and she, too, lingered by the steps, before she proceeded to remove the provisions. Deep was the sigh that escaped her—deeper than usual—were her emotions. She sank upon one of the steps—she clasped her hands convulsively—her lips moved—she was evidently breathing a spon-

aneous prayer to heaven, at the close of which she wept bitterly, the deep sobs seeming to burst from a heart that felt itself relieved by this mournful power of expression.

Was it the echo of her own sighs—he sobbed—that came to her from the thicket? She started, and with wild eyes gazing around her, proceeded with all haste to gather up her little stores. But in this she was prevented. The answering sigh, the sob—coming from the lips of his hated rival and ancient enemy, had gone, hissing as it were into the very brain of John Houston. He darted from his place of concealment, dashed the provisions from the hands of his wife, and with a single blow, smote her to the earth, while he cried out to Holt in the opposite thicket, some incoherent language of insults and opprobrium. The movement of the latter was quite as prompt though not in season to prevent the unmanly blow. He sprang forward and grasping the offender about the body, lifted him with powerful effort from the earth, upon which he was about to hurl him again with all the fury of indignant manhood, when Leda leapt to her feet, and interposed. At the sound of her voice, the very tones of which declared her wish, Arthur released his enemy, but with no easy effort. The latter, regaining his feet, and recovering in some degree his composure, turned to his wife and commanded her absence.

"I cannot go—I will not—while there is a prospect of bloodshed," was her firm reply.

"What! you would see it, would you?—Doubtless the sight of my blood would delight your eyes! But hope not for it! Arthur Holt are you for ever to cross my path, and with impunity? Shall there never be a settlement between us? Is the day of reckoning never to come? Speak! Shall we fight it out here, in the presence of this woman, or go elsewhere, where there will be no tell-tale witnesses? Will you follow me?"

"Go not—follow him not—Arthur Holt. Go to your home! I thank you, I bless you for what you have done for me and mine—for the mother who looks on us from heaven—for the child that still looks to me on earth. May God bless you for your clarity and goodness! Go now, Arthur Holt—go to your own home—and look not again upon mine. Once more, God's blessings be upon you! May you never want them."

There was a warmth, an earnestness, almost a violence in the tone and manner of this adjuration, so new to the usually meek and calm deportment of his wife, that seemed, on a sudden, to confound the brutal husband. He turned upon her a vacant look of astonishment. He was very far from looking for such boldness—such audacity—in that quarter. But his forbearance was not of long duration, and he was already beginning a fierce and almost frenzied repetition of his blasphemies, when the subdued, but firm answer of Arthur Holt again directed his attention. The good sense of the young farmer made him at once sensible of the danger to the unhappy woman of using any language calculated to provoke the always too prompt brutality of her husband, and stilling his own indignation with all strength he calmly promised compliance with her request.

"There are many reasons," he added, "why there should be no strife between John Houston and myself: we were boys together, our fathers loved one another; we have slept in the same bed."

"That shall not be your excuse, Arthur Holt," exclaimed the other, interrupting him; "you shall not escape me by any such pretences. My father's name shall not shelter your cowardice!"

"Cowardice!"

"Ay, cowardice! cowardice! What are you but an unmanly coward?"

There was a deep but quiet struggle in the breast of Arthur, to keep down the rising devil in his mood; but he succeeded, and turning away, he contented himself with saying simply:

"You know that I am no coward, John Houston—nobody better than yourself. You will take good heed how you approach such cowardice as mine."

"Do you dare me?"

"Yes!"

"No! no!" cried the wife again flinging herself between them. "Away, Arthur Holt, why will you remain when you see what I am doomed to suffer?"

"I go, Leda, but I dread to leave you in such hands. God have you in his holy keeping!"

"[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]"

The Artesian Well at East Boston, which has been in process for some time past, has now been sunk 270 feet. The workmen are now progressing at the rate of twelve or fifteen feet in 24 hours. The drill is worked by steam power and is to be kept in motion from this date, night and day, until the required depth is reached, or an ample supply of water is obtained. The contractors are sanguine that they can bore as great a depth in 200 days, by means of their apparatus as it required 18 years to attain at Grenelle, France, by hand power. The design of this undertaking is to provide an abundant supply of good water for the inhabitants of East Boston.

From Santa Fe. Mr. N. Colburn arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 25th August, having left Santa Fe on the 3d—thus making the journey in 21 days and a half. Mr. C. furnishes the St. Louis Republican with a variety of intelligence. He confirms the previous reports, that the Mexicans had few troops (not more than 400) at Santa Fe. Nothing had been heard of Gen. Kearney's movements for fifteen days previous to Mr. C.'s leaving Santa Fe. The Indians are represented as being very troublesome to travellers. The Indians were offering their services to the Santa Fe government to attack General Kearney, and to plunder and drive away all the American travellers, but the local government declined accepting their services.

S. James Porter, chief clerk of the Indian Bureau, at Washington, arrived in New Orleans on the 24th ult., having returned from Natchitoches, to which place he accompanied the delegation of Comanche Indians on their way home to the prairies of the far West—leaving them all well and in good spirits.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Success of the Revolution. Intelligence of the landing of Santa Ana at Vera Cruz, and of the conquest of California by the United States forces in the Pacific, was brought to the Balize by the British brig-of-war Daring, whose commander was charged by the British Minister at Mexico with despatches communicating these events to Mr. Pakenham at Washington and to the British government. The Daring landed a messenger to Mr. Pakenham at the Balize, and would thence proceed to England.

From the N. Orleans papers of the 24th ult., we gave the following details:

The purport of these despatches is, that the United States have taken possession of the California, and that the revolution in favor of Santa Ana is complete.

Santa Ana arrived in the Arab at Vera Cruz on the 16th Aug.

News had reached Vera Cruz of a revolution in the city of Mexico. Paredes was deposed and imprisoned in the citadel.

Gomez Farias, formerly the mortal enemy of Santa Ana, had declared in his favor, and had sent his two sons to Vera Cruz to meet the triumphant dictator and escort him to the capital. The Mexican Congress was to be convened in the beginning of December. All the old Ministry had resigned.

News had been received in Mexico that Monterey, in California, has been seized by one of the vessels of the Pacific squadron. Another account says that all California has yielded to the Americans.

Vera Cruz, Aug. 16, 1846.

Availing ourselves of the opportunity by a British man of war, we have just time to state that Mexico and Puebla have just pronounced in favor of federalism and Santa Ana.

General Bravo's Government had hardly been established when it was overthrown, and General Salas has put himself at the head of the Government until the arrival of Santa Ana—tranquillity was restored. Gomez Farias aided the partisans of Santa Ana to bring about the revolution.

His sons have come down to bid welcome to Santa Ana, who left Havana on the 8th inst. in the British steamer, called the Arab, accompanied by Almonte, Llaneriz, Rejon and Reeves, and they ought to be here every day.

General Paredes was taken prisoner and is kept in the citadel of Mexico. General Salas has issued already a letter of convocation of Congress on the principles of 1824, and the members are to assemble in Mexico on the 6th Dec. next.

The present conveyance carries the news of the annexation of California to the United States, received last night by express, that the British vessel might carry it to N. Orleans and to Great Britain.

The Mexicans, if they are shrewd as they are represented to be, will not venture a pitched battle. The following translation of a brief speech made in a council of war, is taken from a Mexican paper. An officer in this council was called while the government was in a state of irresolution, to give his views on the subject of the war.

He said, "it was the business of the American general to bring the war to a conclusion. To draw the war into length was the game for Mexico."

"The collected forces of the United States are in Mexico. There is no place from which they can hope to be supplied with grain, except from their own country; and he who wants provisions will soon want an army."

"The men from Northern latitudes constitute the strength and bulwark of the American army; protract the war, and they will be able to go through a Summer campaign! The change of soil and the heat of the climate will relax their vigor."

"The war, that by strenuous efforts may be pushed to a prosperous issue, grows languid when drawn into length, and, in a state of tedious suspense, whose grames have numbed away."

"On the other hand, we are in no want of supplies: all our people are firm, and great resources are still in reserve."

"The central and Northern provinces are able to send numerous armies to the field. The capital of the empire, and the great stronghold on the Gulf, are secure."

"There is still to reserve a store of wealth both public and private, and riches are at all times the sinews of war."

"Our soldiers are in good condition and are used to all climates. We have fortified cities strongly garrisoned, and all determined to hold out to the last. For this reason," concluded the orator, "a slow and lingering war is the best expedient."

POISONING BY CAMPHOR. Dr. Reynolds, in the British American Journal of Medical and Physical Science, relates a case of poisoning by camphor. The patient, a healthy man, aged twenty of full habit, while standing in a druggist's shop, unconsciously swallowed, but by bit, about two drachms of camphor, in the course of a few minutes. He almost immediately felt a degree of headache coming on, and went out into the street. He felt highly exultated, and, having met a friend, proposed a rubber of whist to him, remarking that he felt singularly clear-headed, and he was sure he should be able to play an excellent game. Soon after sitting down, his gestures and conversation became very strange and wild. He left the room suddenly, went into his bed-room, and soon returning naked, jumped wildly about, and attempted to throw himself from the window. Dr. Reynolds was called in and his treatment fully described in the journal. He was, on waking, had only a confused idea of what had happened. He recollected something about camphor, and asked what he had been doing. Abridged from the Medical Times.

The Mormons. The last accounts from Nauvoo represent the Mormons as in full preparation for war, and every moment expecting an attack. Their armed force was about 600, with 5 six-pounders, well prepared. The women in the city were enlisted for the war, and were mustered for drill. Is there not energy and force enough in Illinois to put an end to this absurd and disgraceful civil war?

MILES STANDISH ESTATE.

At a meeting of the Heirs of Miles Standish, held according to previous notice in North Yarmouth, Sept. 8th, 1846, Capt. Joseph York of Falmouth was chosen Chairman, Nathl. Locke of Falmouth, Secretary. An invitation being given, Mrs. Lawrence of Pownal, produced a copy of the original Will from Miles Standish, bequeathing to his son Alexander all his lands in England, &c. Various papers and copies of records were presented by a number of individuals, establishing their claims to heirship, &c.

After discussion of various questions, on motion, voted, that a Committee be raised of one from each town in which the heirs resided, to collect an official genealogy of their families, establish their claims as heirs to the Standish property in England, &c., and present them at the next meeting. On motion, voted, that Capt. Elbridge York of Pownal, Capt. Greely Sturdivant of Cumberland, Nathl. Locke of Falmouth, A. G. Fobes, Esq. of Westbrook, Ebenezer Mason, Esq. of Portland, Zadoc Humphrey, Esq. of North Yarmouth, Wm. Wing of Wayne, Jacob Herriek Esq. of Durham, Dr. D. Y. Pearce of Bowdoin, Luther Perkins of Oxford, Elbridge Fobes of Paris, Andrews Cushman of Mason, Levi Cushman of Sumner, Wm. Cushman of Harford, Andrew Ring, Esq. of Lubec, and Robert Cushman of Belmont, constitute this committee.

Voted, that the Committee be authorized to enlarge their numbers by adding heirs from any other towns that shall hereafter become known.

Voted, that Capt. Elbridge York of Pownal, be authorized to correspond with any heir in Maine and Massachusetts.

Voted, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Portland Advertiser and Eastern Argus.

Voted to adjourn the meeting to meet at this place at one o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday, twenty second inst.

N. LOCKE, Sec'y.

North Yarmouth, Sept. 8, 1846.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 15, 1846.

THE ELECTION.

Below we give the vote for Governor so far as we have received it. It does not compare so favorably with that of last year as we could wish. The aggregate is not so large, and we seem to have suffered more than the Whigs, while the Abolition vote is larger. From the complexion of these returns it looks as though there was no chance by the people.

Our Senators, County Commissioners, County Treasurer, and Register of Deeds are undoubtedly elected. McCrate's vote, in these towns, does not fall much below that of Dana. He will have a handsome majority in this County.

	1845.		1846.
Andover	277	80	14
Amherst	115	163	14
Barre	160	5	43
Barnstable	166	42	17
Beverly	140	30	14
Bridgewater	151	52	16
Brockton	210	41	12
Burlington	258	165	17
Cambridge	350	5-2	80
Concord	69	202	71
Danvers	90	45	51
Essex	72	163	60
Fitchburg	136	118	147
Franklin	218	524	106
Haverhill	36	136	12
Hillsdale	114	131	17

Representatives. Democrats, Paris, &c., Harford, G. Ross, Norway &c., — Noble. Dixwell, &c., no choice.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

We would call the attention of our readers, especially School Committee men, to the law establishing a Board of Education. By the provisions of the Act a meeting of the several town Committees in this County should be held in this place on Tuesday next, for the election of a member of the State Board for this County. We have seen no notice calling such a meeting, other than that contained in the Act itself, which we presume is sufficient. Although the time meeting will be attended by the Committees generally—at least, we hope to see a majority of the towns represented. The meeting may be made very interesting, if well attended, by the discussion of topics connected with education in our own County.

It is obligatory upon the friends of education now, having obtained the State law they asked for, to do all in their power to give efficiency to its enactment. This may be done by promptly meeting and organizing for the work. We believe if this is done the law will be found a good one—that it will be the means of arousing the people to a sense of the great importance of our common schools, and the vast improvement which may be made in them. We hope every friend of common schools—every one who deems the education of the whole people—will contribute everything in his power to carry out and perfect the system now in operation. Let it not fail for the want of proper effort on the part of its friends. The object is a noble one, and the good that will result will be ample remuneration for all the labor of its acquisition.

Elk Hathaway, captain of the schooner John George, from Galveston, is under arrest in New Orleans, for importing 800 counterfeit Mexican dollars, and a barrel of spurious coin.—Boston Post.

If we are not misinformed, and we presume we are not, this same Hathaway was formerly a resident of Livermore in this County. He is a notorious character of whom some rather novel stories are told.

The editor of the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, who has just returned from Europe, says "It is a serious truth, and every unprejudiced mind acquainted with the facts must admit it, that there is really nothing like the amount of intellectual ability in the British house of Parliament, or in the French Chamber, that there is in our two Houses of Congress."

Well, we never supposed there was "nothing like" half as much.

Gen. Ganoes has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Division of the Army, and has made New York City his headquarters. The N. Y. papers say he elicits a good deal of interest, and will soon become a lion among them.

It is said that an Englishman has obtained a charter for a Railroad through the Papal States.

WHITNEY'S OREGON RAILROAD.

The gigantic scheme of building a Railroad from Lake Michigan to Oregon, when first broached, was received with ridicule and pronounced chimerical. It has, however, gradually forced its way through doubts and prejudices, and is already esteemed by men of great intelligence as not only possible but practicable.

Senator Breese, of Indiana, the Chairman of the Committee in the U. S. Senate to whom Mr. Whitney's project was referred, has presented an elaborate report in which this undertaking is examined in all its bearings. The power of Congress over the entire subject in all its bearings—the practicability of the proposed work—the adequacy of the means proposed for its accomplishment, and the expediency of applying such means to this object—the effect its construction will have, in bringing into demand and enhancing the value of the public lands—in extending and promoting agriculture—in the support and as a means of enlarging and diversifying the manufactures of the country—in the development of the mineral resources of the country—as one of the great arteries of intercourse in extending the internal trade and commerce of the whole country—in extending our commerce with China and other countries of Asia—its consequence in fostering the whale fishery in the Pacific—its use as a great highway of nations, at terms to be dictated by ourselves—and the effect that would be produced in a moral, political and military point of view, are propositions fully considered by the Committee. The length of the road proposed is 2630 miles, reaching from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, through some of the finest and most fertile soil of this continent. The report says:

"The committee are of opinion that, no matter in what aspect this great subject is viewed, it commends itself to favor. Its influence upon Oregon itself, upon the commerce of the Pacific, our trade with China, India, and the distant and rich islands of the sea, and upon our export trade, the product of that vast colonial basin of the Mississippi of more than 1,200,000 square miles, to be carried on this road to and through that ocean from which we are now cut off by an expanse of sea by the capes equal to one half the circumference of the globe, cannot be estimated."

And the report concludes, that—

"In view, then, of all the premises and of all the anticipated results to flow from the undertaking, if accomplished, the committee cannot refrain from recommending it to the attentive consideration of the President and of a small portion of the public lands the committee believe that the United States can possess a channel of speedy and safe communication through which will pour in a continued rich and fertilizing stream a large proportion of the commerce of the Oriental world."

The estimated cost of the road is \$43,892,600.—This estimate is based on the calculations of experienced engineers.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate to carry out the recommendations of the Committee, the features of which are simple.

Sec. 1. Authorizes Asa Whitney to build a road from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean, and for such purpose acts upon all the lands belonging to the United States for thirty miles wide on each side of the road.

Sec. 2.—Provides that after the construction of 20 miles, and after its completion, the whole affair, including all the lands, shall belong to the United States.

Sec. 3.—Shows the plan by which it is to be constructed, and is as follows:—Said Whitney and his associates shall first proceed to locate and build ten miles of said road in a good substantial manner, according to the best railroad in the country; then the said Whitney and his associates shall have a right to sell for their own use and benefit all the land on each side of the road for five miles of said section of road so located. And in the manner as long as the alternate five miles of land is sufficient to provide means to construct the ten miles of road. And as a security that said road shall be completed, the land situated on the remaining five miles of road is to be sold, and the proceeds deposited in the United States Treasury, and held as a fund to construct the road through the state and west of the Mississippi.

Sec. 4.—Provides for a Commissioner to be appointed by the United States, and paid by Mr. Whitney, to see that the intentions of the act are fully carried out.

Sec. 5.—Provides that if Mr. Whitney does not within two years commence the road and satisfy the Commissioner of his intention and ability to build it, all lands are to revert to the United States, subject to a right of pre-emption by the settlers.

Here, then, is the inception of one of the most gigantic enterprises ever undertaken by mortal man—an undertaking that could not be accomplished by any monarch of Europe, with all their wealth and power. Magnificent as such an undertaking may appear—an undertaking which is to dismember the everlasting hills—how down the forests of ages, and speed civilization along the wastes "where rolls the Oregon and bears no sound save its own dishings," till by the vastness of its iron band the commerce of the waters of two oceans is rendered its perpetual tributary.

Fanciful as may seem the picture of a locomotive driving along the now interminable wilds, startling the wolf with its shrill whistle, and frightening, with its deep cough, the buffalo herding on his western wilds; yet American intellect has conceived it, and American enterprise will achieve it.

No incorporation is asked; no stockjobbing is requisite. The lands are to furnish the money for the work. If it can be done for one twenty miles, why not for two thousand?

George M. Dallas.—Meetings are daily being held in various parts of the State of Pennsylvania, at which encounters are passed upon the good qualifications of George M. Dallas, and in praise of him for his vote in favor of the new Tariff law. He deserves them all.

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